THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE third annual Conference and Dinner of the Dickens Fellowship will be held this year at the Victoria Station Hotel, Sheffield, on Saturday, October 3rd. The conference is fixed to open at 2.30, and will be presided over by Mr. G. W. Parker, chairman of the council of the local branch. The time of the dinner is 7 o'clock. The chairman will be Alderman Sir Wm. E. Clegg, J.P., President of the Branch, who will be supported by many officials of the town and prominent Dickensians. Applications for tickets, which are three shillings and sixpence each, should be made at once to Mr. T. W. Padmore, 192, Shirebrook Road, Heeley, Sheffield.

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There are many reminiscences of Dickens in the volume of David Christie Murray's "Recollections" recently published. Here is an interesting one concerning *Our Mutual Friend*:—"It is a little boast of mine," he says, "that I was the first person in the world to make acquaintance with Silas Wegg and Nicodemus Boffin and Mr. Venus. My name-father, David Christie, was chief reader at Clowes's printing office in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, and month by month, as the proofs of *Our Mutual Friend* were printed, it was his habit to borrow the Dickens manuscript from Mr. Day, the overseer of the establishment, and to take it home with him for his own delectation before it reached the hands of the compositors. On each occasion, until I left London behind me, Christie would wire me always in the same phrase: 'Dickens is here,' and I would go down to his lodgings in Duke Street and would read aloud to him the work fresh from the master's hand. It was written on long ruled foolscap of rather darkish blue paper in a pale blue ink, and it needed young eyes to decipher it. There were only a few of such nights, but the enjoyment of them remains as a remembrance. I shall never forget how he laughed over Mr. Wegg's earlier lapses into poetry:

> 'And my elder brother leaned upon his sword, Mr. Boffin,
> And wiped away a tear, sir.'"

We have reason to believe that the printers of *The Dickensian* are more careful with our "copy" than they were with that of *Our Mutual Friend.*

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During the coming autumn two or three books of great interest to Dickensians will be published. We have already referred to Mr. Teignmouth Shore's work on Dickens and his friends, which will be issued by Messrs. Sisley. There is also to be a volume of short plays

from the novelist's works compiled by Mr. H. B. Browne, the President of the Hull Branch of the Fellowship. These plays, numbering about a couple of dozen, are arranged to occupy about fifteen or twenty minutes in acting, and will require little or no scenery and few performers. Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish it.

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According to the *Yorkshire Post,* there is a distinct tendency on the part of Leeds fiction readers to turn to the old writers. "We have got so heartily sick of the trash turned out in these days under the name of fiction," said one lady in a branch library as she was handed a volume of Dickens, whose works, we are assured, are becoming in great demand at all the libraries in the city. It is no uncommon thing, says the library report, for all the volumes of Dickens's works to be out at once!

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The study of Dickens is one of the subjects in the syllabus of the National Home Reading Union this coming autumn in connection with which two printed lectures have been prepared, with lantern slides, which can be hired from the secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, E.C., at a nominal fee.

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One of the most valuable books of Pickwickiana is the "Index to Pickwick," by C. M. Neale, published a year or two ago. We believe it is not easily obtainable now. But those who possess a copy will be glad to have the few more references which we publish on another page. These can be cut out and pasted in the book as an addenda. Mr. Neale offers a further selection if these prove acceptable.

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The names of Dickens's characters have been figuring recently in somewhat unusual manners. A racehorse christened Wilkins Micawber, after having been unsuccessful, like his namesake, in the walk or run of life allotted to him, "turned up" at the winning-post a winner on two occasions. And in that fatal motor accident on the racecourse last month, one of the cars in the race was called "Little Dorrit."

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The annual general meeting of members of the Charitable and Needlework Guild will be held at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on Thursday, September 17th, at 7.30 p.m. The Committee hopes that members and all interested in the work will endeavour to attend. The chief business will be to discuss the annual report, balance-sheet, and future work, and to elect members' representatives on the Committee for the coming year.

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Thomas Frost, the author of "In Kent with Charles Dickens," died last month at Littleover, near Derby. He was author of several books, including some novels and a volume on "Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs." His book on Dickens is, of course, well known to Dickensians, and was one of the first of its kind published.

THE EDITOR.

BETTY HIGDEN

By EMILIE M. MINIKEN

RUNNING our thoughts casually over the women of Dickens, it is natural, perhaps even more pleasant, to dwell upon the usual favourites. Speaking of them generally, the names of Dora, Agnes, Bella, Florence, Dolly, Rosa, Dot and many others come uppermost; but if we would understand something of that nobility which has within it the ring of true metal, and shines forth with ever-increasing brightness because of the gloom by which it is surrounded, we may seek it, and find it, in many of his so-called minor characters. Let us take, for example, the character of Betty Higden which to the student of the master stands forth as a brilliant example of tender patience, endurance and unselfishness.

Those of us who are familiar with *Our Mutual Friend* will remember that we are first introduced to Betty Higden through the desire of Mrs. Boffin to adopt an orphan, and rear him that he may in time fill the place of the lost John Harmon. There has been much difficulty in finding a suitable child, but at length, through the exertions of the Rev. Frank Milvey, such a one is found. At the time of his discovery the boy is residing with his great-grandmother, known to him as "Granny Betty." Mrs. Boffin, accompanied by the secretary, visits the cottage at Brentford for the purpose of forming her own opinion of the orphan, and it is under these circumstances that we first become acquainted with our subject.

"She was one of those old women, was Mrs. Betty Higden, who by dint of an indomitable purpose and a strong constitution fight out many years, though each year has come with its new knock-down blows fresh to fight against her; . . . . an active old woman, with a bright dark eye and a resolute face, yet quite a tender creature, too; not a logically-reasoning woman, but God is good, and hearts may count in Heaven as high as heads."

We have said that Betty Higden stands as the personification of tender patience, endurance and unselfishness,—other noble traits, too, if we would seek them,—but let us examine her character through these three.

"Patiently to earn a spare bare living, and quietly to die, untouched by workhouse hands—this was her highest hope." And what a hope! The little she could earn—and it was very little, and had been so for many a long day—she earned patiently, and if she had to starve, which she often did, she knew how to starve patiently—but charity she would not countenance. That is, that charity, so called, that is so often meted to the poor—that falseness, rather, which hides itself behind, and so brings discredit on, a name which should personify true graciousness and lovingkindness. For "Charity suffereth long and is kind" and "is not puffed up." But, alas! how often this is forgotten; hence the hatred of the name among so many similarly brave spirits.

Thus Betty toiled on; envying none; earning or starving as the times might be; never complaining; ever trusting that her one hope might be respected; that her last breath might be the breath

of independence; and that some kind heart would see that she was laid to her last rest without contact with the dreaded workhouse.

Yet, do not imagine that in face of this ever-present desire—this patient endurance of want—there was anything dreary about Betty. Far from it! We are told that she was cheerful and tender; we know that she was loving. So full of love was this poor old creature's heart that she was willing, out of her miserable pittance, to support her little orphan grandchild and to spend her declining years in caring for those who were more helpless than herself.

President of a limited company was Betty, on our first acquaintance with her! and a curious company it was! Naturally the orphan held first post in her heart, but, after him, followed closely Mr. Sloppy, less generously blessed with brains than buttons, perhaps, but with goodwill plentiful enough to counterbalance, in Betty's eyes, all other shortcomings. The Minders—Toddles and Poddles—born mountaineers and waders through winding torrents!—complete the company, and there is not one member who does not place implicit confidence in its president. Each is ready to laugh when she laughs, to weep when she weeps, to share all her joys and all her sorrows. What more need be required of any?

So this poor old woman stands forth in all her poverty, as loving and worthy to be loved. Strong, however, as her love is for the last of her own kin, she is yet willing to thrust aside every thought of self, to smother every cherished longing, to resign all that she holds dearest, that the loved one may receive the comforts and happiness which have been denied to herself, but will accrue to him through his adoption by Mrs. Boffin. She gives of her best, and gives it freely, but even in the very gift the old patient endurance is again called forth and severely tested.

"Our Johnny," being attacked by some mysterious disease—the name of which was, according to Mr. Sloppy, "Something as wos wery long for spots"—we find this good soul devoting days and nights to the care of the little sufferer who "is never out of her lap." In bitter pain she has watched over him in silence, fearing with a great fear that, by making this fresh trouble known to her kind friends, she may be standing in "Our Johnny's" light.

"To conceal herself in sickness like a lower animal; to creep out of sight and coil herself away and die, had become this woman's instinct. To catch up in her arms the sick child who was dear to her, and hide it as if it were a criminal, and keep off all ministrations but such as her own ignorant tenderness and patience could supply, had become this woman's idea of maternal love, fidelity and duty." So when the kind friends become acquainted with the facts, and offer to remove the suffering mite to where he can be better cared for, her over-wrought mind at once reverts to the dreaded workhouse. She starts up—all the spirit of the wounded animal at bay blazing forth from her weary eyes—horror, dread, every feeling of repugnance showing forth in her face, and giving strength to the aged limbs which are now ready to fly anywhere, as long as she may hide herself and her beloved boy from the shame of pauperism.

Her beating heart cries out against this so-called charity, which

comes to her in her hour of trial under the cloak of kindness, and would take away the liberty of her child, possibly also of herself, and bury them beneath that ignominy against which she has ever fought so fiercely. "I've done with ye!" she cries; "I'd have fastened door and window and starved out, afore I'd have let ye in if I had known what ye came for."

And then comes the reaction; the poor, patient creature begins to understand—is filled with heart-broken humility—and a little gentle explanation is all that is needed to bring the over-anxious soul to place its fullest confidence "Where hearts are kind, and friends are loyal and true."

Before long "Our Johnny" is safe within the Children's Hospital (the same children's hospital for which we have been appealing for funds), but all Betty's love, all her care, all her tender self-sacrifice, fall down, as if it were a doll's house built of cards, before the shake of the doctor's head, and the ominous words—"Too late!"

One more blank space is added to the many that have already made a way into poor Betty Higden's faithful heart. Possibly, at that time she found much earthly comfort in the ungainly youth whom she herself had befriended, and as he was her chief comfort, so she was his chief thought. In his own words—"Mrs. Higden goes before all. And she must be turned for, must Mrs. Higden. Where would Mrs. Higden be if she warn't turned for?"

It is in connection with this same curious specimen of humanity that the supreme act of the old woman's unselfishness has its foundation.

In his anxiety to prevent any possibility of his old friend being neglected he works for her early and late, until she comes to the rash conclusion that she is standing in *his* light, and as he will not give her up, she must give him up; so she decides to run away.

Her mind once made up, there is no looking back; no relenting; no passing wish that she were younger. Nearer fourscore than threescore and ten! Yet, with her little basket on her arm, she is ready to trudge forth into the world, with spirit enough left once more to face all obstacles.

She is happy and content. "If I was young," she tells the Secretary, "it would all have to be gone through again, and the end would be a weary way off." And so, with a letter to prove that she has friends who are willing to help her, fastened in her breast, and one of the dead child's toys hidden beneath her shawl, she starts on her journey; the old hope still uppermost—to die independent, untouched by workhouse hands.

So, as time goes on, she becomes known by her cleanliness and neatness as she passes from place to place; never staying long in one town lest she may be noticed too closely by those whom she most wishes to avoid—the parish authorities; only long enough to sell her work, if possible, and then on again. And her cleanliness proved her safeguard. Many thought her well-to-do, because of it. It is astonishing how often cleanliness and neatness in the poor is mistaken as a sign that no help is needed. Alas! no one sees the tragedies behind the scenes.

But Betty is not flourishing in business. Times are hard, and it is just the old story of a struggle for bare subsistence. Still, the old independence does not desert her; she can still toil patiently, still live patiently, still, if need be, starve patiently. She knows that she has but to speak, and the kind friends she has left behind will provide handsomely for her for the remainder of her life. But Betty has no wish for that. To pay her way and earn her bread while she has breath is all she desires; so, for fear of the persuasions which they may bring to bear upon her, when once they become acquainted with the truth, she determines not to communicate with them.

And now, as the brave spirit toils on, and ever flies from the shadow of Charity, another shadow creeps nearer and nearer—the advancing shadow of Death. But it has no terror for Betty Higden; rather does she welcome its advancement as the coming of a friend who will relieve her from the responsibilities of life and reunite her to her loved ones. Beyond that shadow Betty sees the Light that shines forth as the day, and by its aid she lives again in the past as she wanders on. Her mind is filled with sweet memories of those who were dear to her, and her kind old heart seems to grow more tender towards those about her, more grateful for every little consideration shown, more ready to fly from any who may venture to mention the Parish in her hearing.

Poor Betty! What more pathetic picture can we conjure up than that in which the poor old creature, in her terror, having laid down her last penny on the Deputy Lock's table, creeps out into the night; and, for fear of meeting any more officials likely to deprive her of her liberty, strikes off into a side path, loses herself, and creeps on and on she knows not whither. Her only wish is that she may not fall while it is day, or that she may not be found alive when daylight again breaks upon the world. Always, as she goes, with steps growing weaker and weaker, her hand is pressed above the money hidden in her dress—that money which is to protect her from a pauper's grave, and prove her independence and thankfulness.

But the end is not yet. Another night has to be passed through, and another day. Her thoughts now have become too scattered to allow of her communicating with her friends, although, if ever she needed their aid, she needs it now.

"The day was cold and wet, but she scarcely knew it." There was no fear now of another dawn; only the struggle to live through the day and hide away in the darkness. And at length the longed-for darkness falls, and, with its falling, the feeble feet bear her within sight of a little plantation, into which she creeps almost in triumph.

She placed her orderly little basket at her side upon the ground and sank down, supporting herself against a tree. It brought to her mind the foot of the cross, and she committed herself to Him who died upon it. Her strength held out to enable her to arrange the letter in her breast, so as that it could be seen she had a paper there. It held out for this and it departed when this was done.

"I am safe here," was her last benumbed thought. "When I am found dead at the foot of the cross, it will be by some of my own

sort, some of the working people who work among the lights yonder. . . . I am thankful for all."

So, grateful to the last, she is found unconscious, later in the evening, by Lizzie Hexham, who tends her lovingly while there is need; promises faithfully to carry out her last wishes, raises her head gently as the worn-out old face lights up in triumph, and, so raising her, lifts her up to Heaven.

A pathetic little story, and a true one; as true to-day as it was then, when our great lover of his fellow-men penned it. He knew the ground upon which he stood; knew every inch of it. He meant us to understand and to remember that the Betty Higdens are still with us, still struggling on day by day for a miserable existence, carrying within their poor worn-out old hearts the same unreasoning dread of the workhouse.

We in our small way can help with true charity and carry some crumbs of comfort to the suffering and aged in their declining years, but let it be true charity, and not the charity that will cause its victim to flee from it as from a dread disease; rather let it be the charity that raises both the giver and receiver. Let us remember that these poor creatures—curious specimens of humanity as they may be—are fellow men and women, and that even as the poorest and meanest is laid to rest there may be some large-hearted Sloppy ready to cry:—"O, Mrs. Higden, Mrs. Higden, you was a mother and a minder, and a mangler in a million million!"

MORE REMINISCENCES OF DICKENS

THOSE who have derived as much pleasure as the present writer from reading many of the late David Christie Murray's novels —such as "Joseph's Coat," "Aunt Rachel," "Rainbow Gold," and "A Life's Atonement"—and as much intellectual enjoyment from his more serious contributions to weekly journals, will find his "Recollections,"* just published, of vital interest. The "Lives" of most notable men have a certain fascination to the reader, but when the subject has had such a chequered career as David Christie Murray had, and come through it as he did, such a book as this cannot fail to interest. We therefore recommend his volume without any misgiving as to the pleasure it will give.

Mr. Murray's career began after Dickens's had finished, but he met him more than once, and in his book there are many anecdotes and interesting stories about the author of *David Copperfield*. We reprint one in "When Found——" concerning *Our Mutual Friend*. He once possessed a chapter to that book which Dickens deleted, in which the Golden Dustman was killed by Silas Wegg. But, alas! it got sold for butter paper, unknown to the proud possessor of the cancelled proofs. He gives an account of a Dickens reading he heard, and of his chance meeting of Dickens in a London street. Murray was a great admirer of Dickens, and his book has many indications of his admiration.

* "Recollections" by David Christie Murray. London: John Long.

SECOND DICKENS EXHIBITION

THE Dickens Exhibition now being held at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., is the second one devoted to Dickens held in London, the first being organised by the Dickens Fellowship six years ago at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

The present exhibition is devoted chiefly to pictures, autograph letters, and first editions, but there is an excellent collection of relics and other items of great value and interest. Among the pictures there is a unique item, styled "Portrait of Charles Dickens, by an unknown artist, about 1840," which the catalogue assures us is a "striking portrait representing the author at the age of 28, given by Dickens himself to George Dolby, his business manager in America." Few will recognise a likeness to Dickens in it, but as the authority has not been disputed, it must be accepted as an addition to the long list of portraits of the novelist. It is lent by Messrs. Sotheran & Co., the Booksellers, of Piccadilly. Other valuable exhibits are the reduced replica of Frith's famous portrait lent by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, and the same artist's "Dolly Varden" lent by Mr. Thos. Barry, of Broadstairs; and Sir Luke Fildes's original water-colour drawing of Dickens's study, familiarly known by the engraving from it, entitled "The Empty Chair, Gadshill Place, June 9th, 1870." A picture by Thomas Webster, R.A., representing "The Interview between Ralph Nickleby and his niece Kate," is also another striking exhibit.

Much space is devoted to original sketches for the various books, lent by Mr. W. H. Lever, Mr. Walter T. Spencer, and others, and include selections of Phiz's drawings for *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, of Leech's drawings for *The Cricket on the Hearth*, of Alfred Crowquill's, Charles Green, J. Mahoney, and others done for various volumes, whilst there is a set of F. W. Pailthorpe's water-colour drawings to *Pickwick Papers*, and a series of water-colours by Walter Rossiter, H. E. Compton, and J. Littlejohns of scenes in Dickens country done especially for the exhibition. There is also a notable series of etchings and drawings by Myra Hughes.

Under "Prints, &c.," in the catalogue, come Leslie Ward's "impression" portraits of Dickens in wash, and several curious items lent by Mr. C. Van Noorden of a topographical nature, whilst a charming drawing of "The Wharves at Limehouse," by the late F. G. Kitton, is lent by Mr. W. Miller.

Among the "Relics" may be seen the champagne glasses once the property of the novelist, some of the wardrobe used in the performances of "Every Man in his Humour," various mugs and jugs with Dickens designs, two Staffordshire figures of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, the model of the Little Wooden Midshipman, looking spick and span with his new paint, but nevertheless spoilt in consequence, and the model of the Maypole Inn, once the property of the late J. L. Toole, but now belonging to that other great Dickensian, Mr. Bransby Williams; also, under the heading of "Relics" in the catalogue, will be found some interesting autograph letters.

The lower gallery is devoted to a complete collection of first editions lent by Mr. Walter T. Spencer and others, and autograph letters. Some of the smaller items here, such as "Drooping Buds," "A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree," are not really the work of Dickens, although custom has given them a Dickens value. Whilst not long since it was proved that W. H. Wills, and not Dickens, was the author of "Suburban Romance," which some enterprising American printed in *The Josephine Gallery* as Dickens's. But we suppose it has an interest to Dickens collectors for that reason, and for that reason also it would "not be recorded

MODEL OF THE "MAYPOLE" INN

By permission of Mr. Bransby Williams *Photo by Campbell-Gray*

in any Dickens Bibliography yet examined," as is stated in the catalogue.

Perhaps the most curiously interesting of all in this category is a complete set of the *Gad's Hill Gazette*, the little magazine edited by Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., when living with his father.

The collection of autograph letters is most rare, and is spread over a long period. The first is the one we reproduced a few months back, one of the very earliest of the novelist's, dated from Furnival's Inn; whilst a number of the others are addressed to his friend Charles Kent. Two letters, lent by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, written by Jules Verne and Count Tolstoy, are valuable as giving their views upon the influence of Dickens's work and life.

Taken as a whole, the exhibition is well worth a visit by all who are interested in Dickens and his work. It is not so crowded and full as the Pickwick Exhibition last year, and, perhaps because of that, one is likely to appreciate what is there the more. It will be open until September 19th, and members of the Fellowship will be admitted half-price.

The illustrated catalogue has enthusiastic introductions by Mr. J. W. T. Ley and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XLV

WHILE his life's lamp seemed clearest, most intense,
A light of wit and love to great and small,
By the dark angel he is summoned hence
To solve the mightiest mystery of all!

Hearing that he has passed beyond the veil,
Before the Judge that metes to men their dues,
Men's cheeks through English-speaking lands turn pale,
Far as the speaking wires can bear the news.

Blanched at this sudden snapping of a life,
That seemed of all our lives to hold a share,
So were our memories with his fancies rife,
So much of his thought our thoughts seemed to bear.

Charles Dickens dead! It is as if a light
In every English home were quenched to-day;
As if a face all knew had passed from sight,
A hand all loved to press were turned to clay.

Question who will his power, its range, its height,
His wisdom, insight—this, at least, we know,
All in his love's warmth and his humour's light
Rejoiced and revelled—old, young, high, low.

Learnèd and unlearnèd—from the boy at school
To the judge on the bench, none read but owned
The large heart o'er which the large brain held rule,
The fancy by whose side clear sense sat throned.

The observation that made all its own,
The shaping faculty that breathed life's breath
In types, all felt they knew and still had known,
Life-like, except that they are safe from death.

Since Shakespeare, where the pen that so hath lent
Substance to airy nothings of the brain,
His fancies seem with men's experience blent
Till to take each for other we are fain?

And who that ever wielded such a power
Used it so purely to a Christian end;
Used it to quicken the millennial hour,
When rich and poor shall be as friend to friend?

Who can say how much of that love's pure leaven
That leavens now the lump of this our world,
With influence as of a present heaven,
Like light athwart chaotic darkness hurled,

May be traced up to springs by him unsealed,
To clods by him stirred round affection's roots,
To hearts erst hard but by his fire annealed
To softness, whereof Love's works are the fruits?

Mourn, England, for another great one gone
To join the great ones who have gone before—
And put a universal mourning on
Where'er sea beats on English-speaking shore.

His works survive him and his works' works too,
Of love and kindness and good will to men,
Hate of the wrong and reverence of the true,
And war on all that shuns truth's eagle ken.

Earth's two chief nations mourners at his tomb
Their memories for his monument; their love
For his reward. Such is his glorious doom,
Whom mortal praise or blame no more shall move.

Punch, June 18th, 1870.

A DICKENS ANECDOTE FROM AMERICA

By LOUISE PHILLIPS

THE last visit of Charles Dickens to America was made in 1867, so soon after the close of our Civil War, that recent events were fresh in the memory.

A friend who was present at one of the author's readings in New York City vouches for the following story:—

It may be remembered in England that General Benjamin Butler and his followers of the Northern Army were accused by the householders in New Orleans of appropriating all the silver spoons that came in their way—a charge from which they were afterwards cleared.

Just as Mr. Dickens at one of his public readings was describing Bob Sawyer's party, General Butler marched into the hall and down the aisle in his usual pompous manner in full view of the large audience, and attracting much attention. The author had just reached the point where Mr. Noddy and Mr. Gunter had arrived at the height of their quarrel.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait upon you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servants to lock up the spoons!" replied Mr. Gunter.

This was too much for the audience which, with their eyes on General Butler, broke forth into long and boisterous laughter. The two most embarrassed people present were Mr. Dickens and the General. The former on account of his ignorance of the cause of the outbreak, and the latter knowing only too well of the stigma that lay upon his fame. The General wavered for a moment, then, recovering his self-possession, continued his majestic march, apparently unconscious as to what it was all about; while the author resumed his reading, to be enlightened later on, no doubt, in regard to the cause of the interruption.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SANDS

Attributed to DICKENS

THE following lines have been sent to us as the work of Charles Dickens. With them our correspondent, who lives in Yarmouth, sends the following letter:—

"I copied the words from the scrap book of Mr. Neville-Bickers. He was a clerk in the National and Provincial Bank here, and has been dead about nine or ten years. It said, 'The following lines are supposed to have been written by the late Charles Dickens when living in Yarmouth at the time when he wrote *David Copperfield*.' I asked him at the time where he got them from, and he said he copied them from the MS. book of the late Fred Danby Palmer. Mr. Palmer was a great antiquarian. . . . I called on a gentleman this morning who is an authority on such matters, and he says the lines have been attributed to Charles Dickens, but never really proved to be his. At any rate the lines are often quoted here as referring to Dickens's visit here, and it has been proved beyond all doubt that Dickens did live in Yarmouth at the time of writing *David Copperfield*, and used to walk a great deal on the sands near the Nelson Monument."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SANDS.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed the lines away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every trace on earth of me.
A wave of dark oblivion sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time and been, to be no more
Of me, the date, the name I bore
To leave nor track nor trace.

But yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the oceans in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal past has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

[Dickensians will remember that the poem entitled "The Children" was attributed to Dickens, but the publicity given to it in the press brought about the name of the actual writer of it. If this poem is not by Dickens, perhaps the rightful author of it may be discovered by its publication here.—ED.]

DICKENS AND DOVER

By B. W. MATZ

CONSIDERING how often Dickens must have been through Dover on the occasion of his sea trips, and the frequent mention in his books of the road to the seaport which ran past his house at Gadshill, one may be a little surprised that he did not devote a special article to it, as he did in the case of Broadstairs, Folkestone, and Boulogne, or deal more fully with it in his novels. The town is, of course, mentioned by name merely many times in his writings, but there are but few detailed descriptions of it.

NO. 10, CAMDEN CRESCENT, DOVER

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell

Dickens stayed there on at least two occasions. He hired No. 10, Camden Crescent for three months in the summer of 1852, whilst he was busy on *Bleak House*, and in a letter from that address to Miss Mary Boyle he says:—"My dear Mary, you do scant justice to Dover. It is not quite a place to my taste, being too bandy (I mean musical, no reference to its legs), and infinitely too genteel. But the sea is very fine, and the walks are quite remarkable. There are two ways of going to Folkestone, both lovely and striking in the highest degree; and there are heights and downs, and country roads, and I don't know what everywhere." The other occasion was in 1861, when he stayed at the Lord Warden Hotel, and in a letter to Wilkie Collins he speaks again of the fine walks to Folkestone:—"Of course, I am dull and penitent here, but it is very beautiful. I can work well, and I walked, by the cliffs, to Folkestone and back to-day, when it was so exquisitely beautiful that, though I was alone, I could not keep silence on the subject." This year he gave one of his public readings in Dover, which was so crowded that many persons had to be turned away. Mr. John Agate and his family were among the unfortunate, and he wrote an

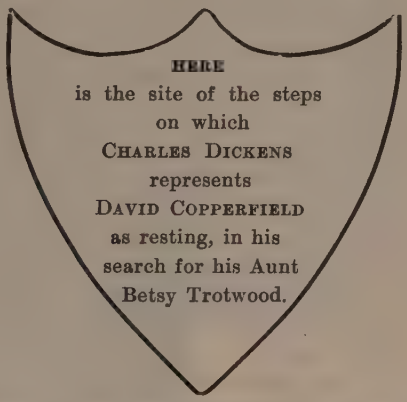
angry letter to Dickens, to which he received a very kind letter of explanation back. Writing in one of his letters of the success of his readings here, he says:—"At Dover they wouldn't go, but sat applauding like mad . . . the audience with the greatest sense of humour, certainly is Dover. The people in the stalls set the example of laughing in the most curiously unreserved way; and they laughed with such really cordial enjoyment when Squeers read the boys' letters, that the contagion extended to me." In the same letter he describes the storm which took place in the early part of November of that year. It "was most magnificent at Dover. All the great side of the Lord Warden next to the sea had to be emptied, the break of the waves was so prodigious, and the noise so utterly confounding. The sea came in like a great sky of immense clouds, for ever breaking suddenly into furious rain; all kinds of wreck washed in . . ."

But perhaps the chief interest Dover has for the Dickens enthusiast is in the fact that here lived Betsey Trotwood—that most charming of the novelist's women characters—poor little David's aunt, and that Dover was the objective of her nephew's weary tramp from London. But let me at once say that her "very neat little cottage with cheerful bow-windows; in front of it a small square gravelled court or garden full of flowers, carefully tended, and smelling deliciously," has never yet been identified, nor is ever likely to be. Dickens locates it up in the heights, facing the sea. Mr. Ashby Sterry, in his "Cucumber Chronicles," is satisfied about a certain house he discovered on the Heights, but a Mr. C. K. Worsfold, in a letter to the author of "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-land," had his doubts about identification. But, as a matter of fact, the lady upon whom Dickens moulded David's aunt was Miss Mary Strong, who lived in a cottage similar to that he describes as Betsey Trotwood's house, on the front at Broadstairs. She had the same whims about donkeys, and it is on the authority of Charles Dickens the younger, who knew the lady personally, and, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, gave some account of his acquaintance with her, that the fact is stated. What the novelist did in this case is what he frequently did in others—described a house or character he saw in one place and located it in another. In our June number further details will be found in the article on Broadstairs. A correspondent in our present number refers to a statement that, whilst living at Dover, Dickens made what was known as "Pilot Field" a favourite haunt, and would lie on his back in it, thinking out the details of his last story. That story, however, was *Bleak House*, whilst portions of *David Copperfield* were written in Broadstairs. However, so far as the story is concerned, Betsey Trotwood lived on the heights of Dover, and when poor, careworn, weary, solitary David came at last to the great aim of his journey, and actually set foot in the town itself, with his "ragged shoes," and "dusty, sunburnt, half-clothed figure, in the place so long desired," he was relieved, but helpless and dispirited.

"I inquired about my aunt among the boatmen first," he says, "and received various answers. One said she lived in the South

Foreland Light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so; another that she was made fast to the great buoy outside the harbour, and could only be visited at half-tide; a fourth, that she was seen to mount a broom, in the last high wind, and make direct for Calais." The fly drivers and shopkeepers were equally disrespectful. The morning had worn away in these inquiries, and he was sitting on the steps of a shop at the street corner of the Market-place, when he at last got information from a good-natured fly-driver, who also gave him a penny, which poor David invested in a loaf from the shop. The reader will remember how at last he found his aunt, and the effect his appearance had upon the estimable old lady.

This shop was some years ago identified as that of Igglesden, the baker's, but has now been replaced by a modern building by the present owners, Messrs. Igglesden & Greaves. But they are proud of their Dickens landmark, and have had placed on the spot where the steps that David sat upon existed, a tablet with the following inscription:—



During my recent visit there I had a chat with Mr. Greaves, who is quite an enthusiastic Dickensian. His tablet is a source of curiosity to visitors, and has quite an interest to inhabitants, who often speak of his shop as "David Copperfield's Bakery." It's a pity, however, he left the second *e* out of Miss Trotwood's Christian name. I am able, through Mr. Greaves's courtesy, to give a picture of the shop as it was in David Copperfield's day. Mr. Greaves proposes making one of the rooms of his restaurant a Dickens room by furnishing it with pictures and portraits relating to the novelist and his books.

This is really the only Dickens landmark in Dover, although the house the novelist occupied in Camden Crescent, the Lord Warden Hotel, and the King's Head Hotel, the old coaching house which Dickens describes in *A Tale of Two Cities* as the Royal George, are notable places of interest for the Dickens topographer.

We get a good glimpse of the latter in Chapter IV. of the book. When the mail, in which was travelling Mr. Lorry, "got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer at

the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon," and out came Mr. Lorry, who had engaged rooms there, and ultimately had his famous interview with Miss Lucy Manette there. When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast he went out for a stroll on the beach. Here is Dickens's description of the impression Dover had upon him:—" The little, narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavour that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night, and looking seaward, particularly at those times when the tide made and was near flood. Small tradesmen who did no business whatever sometimes unaccountably realised large fortunes. and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood could endure a lamplighter."

THE SHOP IN DOVER MARKET SQUARE, ON THE STEPS OF WHICH DAVID COPPERFIELD RESTED IN HIS SEARCH FOR HIS AUNT, AS IT WAS AT THE TIME.

In his article on the Calais night mail, in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, after having offered his views on Calais, we find him referring again to Dover and the Lord Warden Hotel:—

" Not but what I have my animosities towards Dover. I particularly detest Dover for the self-complacency with which it goes to bed. It always goes to bed (when I am going to Calais) with a more brilliant display of lamp and candle than any other town. Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, host and hostess of the Lord Warden Hotel, are my much-esteemed friends, but they are too conceited about the comforts of that establishment when the Night Mail is starting. I know it is a good house to stay at, and I don't want the fact insisted upon in all its warm bright windows at such an hour. I know the Warden is a stationary edifice that never rolls

or pitches, and I object to its big outline seeming to insist upon that circumstance, and, as it were, to come over me with it, when I am reeling on the deck of the boat. Beshrew the Warden likewise, for obstructing that corner, and making the wind so angry as it rushes round. Shall I not know that it blows quite soon enough, without the officious Warden's interference?

"As I wait here on board the night packet, for the South Eastern train to come down with the Mail, Dover appears to me to be illuminated for some intensely aggravating festivity in my personal dishonour. All its noises smack of taunting praises of the land, and dispraises of the gloomy sea, and of me for going on it. The drums upon the heights have gone to bed, or I know they would rattle taunts against me for having my unsteady footing on

THE LORD WARDEN HOTEL
Photo by T. W. Tyrrell

this slippery deck. The many gas eyes of the Marine Parade twinkle in an offensive manner, as if with derision. The distant dogs of Dover bark at me in my mis-shapen wrappers, as if I were Richard the Third.

"A screech, a bell, and two red eyes come gliding down the Admiralty Pier with a smoothness of motion rendered more smooth by the heaving of the boat. The sea makes noises against the pier, as if several hippopotami were lapping at it, and were prevented by circumstances over which they had no control from drinking peaceably."

There is yet another reference to Dover in an article entitled "Travelling Abroad," in *The Uncommercial Traveller*:—"There the sea was rumbling in, with deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving French light on Cape Grisnez was seen regularly bursting out and becoming obscured, as if the head of a gigantic light-keeper in an anxious state of mind were interposed every half-minute, to look how it was burning."

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

By J. W. T. LEY

III

LATER MAGAZINE ARTICLES

IN this third, and concluding, article on the magazine articles in the National Dickens Library I am to refer more particularly to those of comparatively recent date.

It will probably be news to many, though not, of course, to all, readers of this magazine that already Dickens has been placed on the same pedestal as Shakespeare, in that his claim to the authorship of the works that bear his name has been disputed. In *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1886, there appeared an article entitled "Who Wrote Dickens?" and two years later, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, an article asking the same question was published. Not only did these writers ask the question, however, but they supplied answers. Unfortunately, the answers differed, and so the ground has been cleared for a controversy correspondent to the eternal Shakespeare-Bacon discussion. The answer of the first writer is "Herbert Spencer":—"Several childish explanations have been offered by Mr. Forster and others of the name of 'Boz.' It was really a conventional sign agreed on by the two conspirators, and is arrived at by pronouncing 'Her*b*ert *S*pencer' very fast. The 'B' and 'S' . . . are the prominent letters, and a sort of 'buz' or 'boz' is the result"! The answer of the second writer is—"William Ewart Gladstone"! He has found some marvellous cryptograms in the "Charles Dickens" edition of the novels, but, unfortunately, he intends to keep the cypher key concealed for the present until he has "worked out by its means the complete narrative of events relating to ministerial and parliamentary matters, and to the private history of the Royal Family, which the great statesman has concealed within the Dickens novels." In the meantime, he points out the fact that the inscription on the stone discovered by Mr. Pickwick included the name "Bill," whilst "Mr. Pickwick was *glad* he had found the *stone*"! Both these articles are clever fooling.

Among the modern articles we are met at every turn by "Drood" theories, but I purpose steering absolutely clear of these. I open Volume II., and turn at once to an article by Matthew Arnold. "There is a book familiar to us all," he says, "and the more familiar now, probably, to many of us because Mr. Gladstone solaced himself with it after his illness. . . . I mean *David Copperfield*. Much as I have published, I do not think it has ever happened to me before to comment in print upon any production of Charles Dickens. What a pleasure to have the opportunity of praising a work so sound, a work so rich in merits, as *David Copperfield!* . . . What treasures of gaiety, invention, life, are in that book! What alertness and resource! What a soul of good nature and kindness governing the whole!" It is a political article, and the reference to Dickens is little more than a passing

one, but it is good to find such enthusiasm. (The reference to Mr. Gladstone at this particular point is quaint, and quite accidental!)

It is not surprising to find several articles comparing Dickens and Thackeray, and it is not surprising to find that generally the writers conclude by saying that, after all, there can be no true comparison, because each was a great man, each was a great writer of a distinct school, and each performed a use in his own direction. This is the truth, of course; but it is somewhat amusing to read article after article, comparing the two men, only to arrive at the conclusion that there can be no comparison. I refer only to one article on this subject, not for what the writer says, but for something which he quotes from a contemporary which he does not name. He claims that Dickens is superior to Thackeray in the art of delineating character, that no writer has drawn so many, nor *individualised* them so ably as Dickens; and then follows the quotation, which seems to me to express an absolute truth:—"Mr. Weller, junr., might tread upon the toe of Mr. Turveydrop, senr., and disgust him by his want of deportment; Mr. Uriah Heep might shoulder Sir Leicester Dedlock, and want room to cringe in apology; Mr. Harold Skimpole might be rudely aroused to the realities of life by encountering Mr. Ralph Nickleby as a creditor; Captain Cuttle, without a chance of escape, might be confronted by Mrs. MacStinger; Mr. Toots might be condemned to the yet severer trial of looking the lady of his affections in the face; and the result might be a series of circumstances agreeable to no one but Mr. Tapley." This is undoubtedly exactly where Dickens's supremacy among novelists is most marked. It is a fact admitted by all critics, but I quote this unknown writer because I have never seen it more happily expressed.

On February 7th last, in handing this Library over to the keeping of the Lord Mayor, Lord James of Hereford described Dickens as a pre-Raphaelite. It was remarked at the time by many whose knowledge of Dickens and Dickensiana is unsurpassed that this was, so far as they knew, the first expression of that idea. It was somewhat curious, therefore, to hear Sir Edward Clarke, at the Boz Club dinner that evening, express exactly the same idea as Lord James of Hereford had given expression to earlier in the day. And, again, to the second audience it was a new idea. And so I am struck when I open an article from the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of July, 1870, on Dickens, and read, "He was pre-Raphaelite in his allegiance and constancy to Nature." There is truth in the criticism, but it is not, I think, the whole truth. The article I refer to was written by Blanchard Jerrold.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1867, had for his subject "The Genius of Dickens." He recognised a truth, if his method of expressing it was somewhat emphatic, when he wrote:—"Alone among his contemporaries Charles Dickens seems to possess that instinctive sympathy with whatever is human and humane which is the fundamental condition of genial and varied characterisation. In impersonated abstractions of humanity which satisfy our ideal of human nature, he may be excelled; in individualities which make us in love with our kind he is unapproached." This

writer is happy in many things he says. For instance—"His general opinions are those of a man of sound sense and wholesome sensibility; his general attitude towards the world is that of one who sympathises and enjoys." There is a truth behind the following remark, too:—"The moment his sense is shocked and his sensibilities stirred, his reflective reason almost ceases to act, but his humour, his imagination, his conscience, are all in motion." Again, "So close and minute, as well as vivid, is Dickens's method of delineation, that it is impossible *not* to perceive and realise his creations. The critic who decries them as caricatures must be conscious all the time that they are more real to him than the carefully drawn characters he praises in other novelists of the time."

Space is short, and I must conclude. I do so with a quotation from G. H. Lewes. In an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1872, Lewes denies to Dickens the possession of many "technical excellencies," but he finishes with words that may well finish this article, too:—"For the reader of cultivated taste there is little in his works beyond the stirring of their emotions—but what a large exception! We do not turn over the pages in search of thought, delicate psychological observation, grace of style, charm of composition; but we enjoy them like children at play, laughing and crying at images which pass before us."

A FEW MORE PICKWICK REFERENCES

By C. M. NEALE

Author of "An Index to Pickwick"

DURING a recent perusal of his Note Book, the present writer was reminded that the Pickwick Index does not contain all the references which had been collected, and he ventures to hope that a selection from his unprinted notes may be acceptable to readers of *The Dickensian*. The references do not require any preparatory remarks; but, as the author worked from an early edition, readers should bear in mind the two chapters numbered 28, and, consequently, should add *one* to each chapter after the twenty-eighth whenever they are using an edition where the chapters are numbered straight on to 57 (instead of 56, as in the early editions).

The selection is as follows:—

BARDELL, MASTER.
nodded exactly thirty-five times to imply that it was the lady lodger, 45 (beginning).

GENTLEMAN.
a tallish gentleman in a great-coat (Mr. Dowler), 37.
a gentleman with an uncombed head, 44 (end).

MAN.
For a lame man (Mr. Pickwick) to have got upon his legs without any previous notice, 19 (end).
large-headed young man in a black wig, 31.
a tall, thin, yellow-visaged man (Griffin), 33.
a man with a dirty complexion, 34 (beginning).
a stout man (who rode with Namby), 39 (beginning).

MILE END.
The turnpike at Mile End, 22.
PELL, MR. SOLOMON.
Rattled three half-pence with terrible determination, 42.
PICKWICK, MR.
that great man, 13 (beginning), 24 (beginning).
that truly great man, 9 (end).
the illustrious man, 10 (end).
this extraordinary man, 12 (end).
the heroic man, 15.
his benevolent countenance, 6 (beginning).
our benevolent old friend, 44.
(yawns when bored), 7 (beginning), 13, 35.
a sparkle in the eye which no spectacles could dim or conceal, 34 (beginning).
orange peel always disagreed with him, 19.
energy and decision of his character, 25 (end).
with an emphatic blow on the table, 30; 31.
prompt attention to the note, 38 (beginning).
(his) considerable emotion, 41 (end).
rubbing his nose with an air of some vexation, 43 (beginning).
(his first attempt at a sneer), 52 (end).
ROYAL TREASURES.
to the collector of the Royal Treasures, 35.
SNODGRASS, MR.
appeared to labour under a poetical depression of spirits, 2.
"What do you want here, scoundrels?"
TOMPION.
a Tompion clock, 35 (beginning).
TROTTER, MR. JOB.
that very pious and sanctified vagabond, 25 (end).
WARDLE, MRS.
"not seventy-three now, my dear sir," 10.
WARDLE, MR.
the testy old gentleman, 9.
old Wardle, 29.
WELLER, SENIOR, MR.
the respectable old gentleman, 27.
"learnt writin' from the large bills in the bookin' offices," 36 (beginning).
by a perfect alphabet of winks, 42.
"be wery careful o' widders . . . specially if they've kept a public-house," 20.
"widders are 'ceptions to ev'ry rule," 23 (beginning).
"you're never safe vith 'em" (young women), 55.
"vether it's worth while goin' through so much, to learn so little, as the charity boy" said, 27 (end).
"I didn't think you'd ha' done it," 32.
WELLER, SAM.
usual collected and philosophical condition, 46 (end).
enviable and easy defiance, 30.
imperturbable good humour and unruffable composure, 32 (beginning).
ease and freedom, 38 (beginning).
(in newspapers) looked first for Police Reports, 44 (beginning).
look of inexpressible impudence, 13.
perfect knowledge of such pastimes (bagatelle and skittles), 14 (beginning).

"Sam . . . you're a capital fellow, an invaluable fellow," 36 (end).
"the gov'ner o' course is pairamount," 43.

WINKLE, MR.

Mr. Winkle's good listening, 34.
(Sobered himself with brandy and soda), 37.

It will have been seen that, with three exceptions (*Mile End*, *Royal Treasures*, and *Tompion*), the above items are supplementary references to index words which have been already printed. Should these prove acceptable, a selection can be given in some future Number from the manuscript references to words not in the Index, a selection which would contain such words as *A1*, amicus curiæ, *belligerent*, bouquet du roi, *chummage*, *dog's meat man*, *eyes*, *five and forty*, *happy valley jug*, *monkey*, *old lady*, *penitence*, *pocket book*, *porter pot*, *pumps*, *reptile*, *servitor*, *shawl*, *spectacles*, *swing*, *toast*, *un-swan-like*, *vanity*, vingt-un, *washhouse*, and *whist*.

THE FASCINATION OF "PICKWICK"

IN that remarkable book published last year entitled "Father and Son," published anonymously, but known to be by Mr. Edmund Gosse, the author tells of the books his father allowed him to read and those he did not. He was refused, for instance, permission to read the Waverley Novels, on the ground that those tales gave false and disturbing pictures of life and would lead his attention from heavenly things. The son, however, was allowed to read Dickens; and how *Pickwick* appealed to him is shown in the following extract from the book:—

"But stranger still, and amounting almost to a whim, was his sudden decision that, although I might not touch the novels of Scott, I was free to read those of Dickens. I recollect that my stepmother showed some surprise at this, and that my father explained to her that Dickens 'exposes the passion of love in a ridiculous light.' She did not seem to follow this recommendation, which indeed tends to the ultra-subtle, but she procured for me a copy of *Pickwick*, by which I was instantly and gloriously enslaved. My shouts of laughing at the richer passages were almost scandalous, and led to my being reproved for disturbing my father while engaged, in an upper room, in the study of God's Word. I must have expended months on the perusal of *Pickwick*, for I used to rush through a chapter, and then read it over again very slowly, word for word, and then shut my eyes to realise the figures and the action.

"I suppose no child will ever again enjoy that rapture of unresisting humorous appreciation of *Pickwick*. I felt myself to be in the company of a gentleman so extremely funny that I began to laugh before he began to speak. No sooner did he remark 'the sky was dark and gloomy, the air was damp and raw,' than I was in fits of laughter. My retirement in our sequestered corner of life made me, perhaps, even in this matter, somewhat old-fashioned, and possibly I was the latest of the generation who accepted Mr. Pickwick with an unquestioning and hysterical abandonment. Certainly few young people now seem sensitive as I was, and as thousands before me had been, to the quality of his fascination."

THE PRAISE OF DICKENS

THE above is the title of an article in the fifth volume of "Shelborne Essays," by Paul Elmer More, recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. These essays, gathered from *The Nation* and other American papers, show Mr. More to be a critic with a point of view, and a fluent and certain pen with which to express his opinions. He has a broad mind, and in the present volume brings it to bear upon such diverse subjects as "The Greek Anthology," "George Gissing," "Mrs. Gaskell," "Thoreau," "Longfellow," "James Thomson," "Chesterfield," "Sir Henry Watton," and "Dickens." And although it is only the last-named essay with which we are in particular concerned, the volume as a whole can be conscientiously recommended to all who appreciate fair and good criticism.

Mr. More, in speaking of the praise bestowed upon Dickens by other critics, seems a little astonished at how diverse it is. Professor A. W. Ward, A. C. Swinburne, Mrs. Meynell, Andrew Lang, and G. K. Chesterton come under his purview. One praises what the other condemns; another gives as the reasons of Dickens's greatness what others find his weaknesses. Surely this is only another proof of his genius and his power of universal appeal. To the critics mentioned above, we would add that of Mr. More. He agrees with Mr. Chesterton that Dickens's genius is democratic, but disagrees with him that great art is always democratic, for he says that the dominant note in all literature of the past has been aristocratic. We do not agree, nor do we endorse the opinion that Tolstoy is a portentous Charlatan.

He suggests that fame and wealth spoilt Dickens, and considers he wasted his splendid talents in his anxiety for applause. Speaking of the "readings," he says, "There is something distressful in the very thought of this great man brutalising his face to the likeness of Bill Sikes, or mopping and mowing as Fagin, out of the mere craving for publicity. To me, at least, it is one of the many painful chapters in our literary annals." And talks of what he would call other shortcomings. "In all his novels you will meet with no Henry Esmond or William Dobbin, no, nor any Major Pendennis or Marquis of Steyne . . . unfortunately you will come here and there upon some distorted shadow of them." That may be. But it does not prove anything, any more than to say no Sam Weller, no Mantilini, no Mark Tapley, or no Silas Wegg is to be found in Thackeray. Yet neither is the less great for that.

But Mr. More is an admirer of Dickens. He appreciates his pathos, with exceptions of course, and his humour, which he calls "incessant and sure." He does not like the manner of Quilp's end, and suggests a way it should have been brought about, a by no means convincing improvement.

"The emotions in Dickens's work are quick to life, whereas the people are external to us, if not unreal; to make the inevitable comparison, we seem to have known Dickens's characters, Thackeray's we have lived." Again, Dickens's "characters are so constructed that they will not bear analysis." Does one want to analyse them? They are a part of the peopled world now, and you don't want Mr. Pecksniff examined to see if he is real. Time has proved that for us.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EARLY AMERICAN EDITIONS OF DICKENS

Sir,—Since writing the article on "Early American Editions," which appeared in the July number, I have come into possession of two more editions in parts of *Dombey and Son*. I am indebted to Mr. Spencer, of Oxford Street, London, for a copy of one of the parts published by Bradbury & Gould, Boston, Mass. It is almost a *facsimile* of the original English edition, the cover being an exact copy, both as to the Phiz design and colour of paper. The letterpress is so near that of the original that it might almost be taken for advance sheets of the original, as on most of the pages every line is identical, beginning and ending with the same words as the original. The Phiz illustrations are so near the original that it is almost necessary to use a magnifying glass to detect any differences. The advertisement on the second page of the cover says: "The subscribers will issue the numbers with all the London Illustrations and Plates Complete. Each number will be issued in one day after its arrival. Price 12½ cents."

Another edition in parts called "Jones' Cheap Edition" was also published in Boston at the "Star Spangled Banner Office." It is printed in double columns on very poor quality of paper, each number having two badly executed woodcuts from the Phiz illustrations. The covers are a poor quality of pink paper, having a woodcut of the "Nurse showing Little Paul to Mr. Dombey and Florence." The price was six cents per copy, and it is certainly cheap in price and make-up.

These two editions, with the two previously described, make four editions in parts of *Dombey and Son* published in the United States. Is it any wonder that Dickens was so strongly in favour of an International Copyright Law?

Yours respectfully,
Wm. Glyde Wilkins.

Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A., July 17th, 1908.

DICKENS AND THE "DANGER SIGNAL"

Sir,—I observe the correspondence as to the railway signals alluded to in Chap. IX., Book III. of *Our Mutual Friend*. The author's words were evidently to him a pleasing association with the preceding dialogue. This blinking, winking, or whatever you may call the closing of the "green eye" signal for a "red eye" as the train passes is a familiar one. To see the effect one has, of course, to be in the direction from which the train is passing. The procedure is thus: The train commences its passing and you see the green light ahead, and then before the train has entirely passed you the "green eye" shuts and the "red eye" opens. But the red is not at danger to the train, for there was not the change until the engine and its driver had passed the signal post. If Bella and Rokesmith were on the roadway beyond the signals they would see the change and realise "they had," as the quotation goes, "to run for it." The novelist twice gives the changing of the lights, as the train entered and then as it cleared the station, and although in the latter case he speaks of the change "when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass," the sentence is not to be read detached and separately as though the engine and driver had not cleared before the danger signal was shown. One must look at the general effect which probably the author had in his mind and wished to convey—the pleasing acts of approval by the signals, the blinking or winking at the agreeable course of the chapter. In

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" one must not similarly read too literally and detached the couplet:—

"I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar."

A sailor looking at it alone would say the pilot must be seen and aboard before the bar is crossed. The general effect and sentiment and the verses, looked at as a whole, must be considered, and then one realises the invisible pilot becoming visible when the bar is crossed. Dickens had no doubt, with his great observation of detail, often observed the changing lights as trains passed. Some readers may think as the chapter deals in part with jealousy the author had in his mind something typical of the passing of the green-eyed monster for a more brilliant and agreeable colour—at least to him, the scarlet of geraniums being his favourite colour.

On the question of railway lights, I have before me the rules for the servants of the Hull and Selby Railway in 1843. Red was then, as now, the danger signal, while the contra, green, was limited at that time to "proceed with caution," and a blue light (now unknown on railways) was a signal to stop for goods or passengers.

Yours truly,

JOHN SUDDABY.

7, Park Grove, Hull.

JOE GARGERY'S FORGE

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a letter from Mr. H. Snowden Ward *re* Joe Gargery's Forge, which I had overlooked in the June *Dickensian*.

I am afraid I don't quite see the point in Mr. Ward's letter. It is quite true that there is a cottage called "The Forge" in Cooling, and that many years ago it was a forge. But it did not resemble Joe Gargery's Forge, and apparently it was in anything but a flourishing state for many years. I need not go over the evidence in support of the forge at Chalk—it is given in the article in "The Home Counties Magazine."

It would be safe to say that almost every village in Kent of the size and age of Cooling has had a forge of some description at some time, and the task of identification lies in locating the forge Dickens had in his mind.

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. J. PHILIP.

Gravesend, August 19th, 1908.

CHRONOLOGICAL MISTAKES IN "PICKWICK"

SIR,—The letter on "Anachronisms in Pickwick," which appears in your March issue, inclines me to ask if it is known why Dickens changed the date of the travels from 1827 to 1830? No doubt the fact of the alteration is known to many of your readers, that the "few days" and the "three or four days" mentioned in Chapter II. as being spent in preparations for the journey to Eatanswill are apparently extended to well over three years. Was this period supposed to be occupied with the controversy with Mr. Blotton, or is it merely an oversight? There are, of course, a large number of minor chronological impossibilities in the book.

Yours truly,

E. D. WEIPPERT.

12, Constance Road, Edgbaston, July 19th, 1908.

BETSEY TROTWOOD AND DOVER

SIR,—In a small book I recently purchased called "Some More Memories of Old Dover," by Mr. Horsley (Canon Horsley is an authority on matters relating to this ancient town), I find it stated (referring to a pilot shelter which at one time existed on the high ground behind Snargate Street): "Though this plot of ground is no longer used by the pilots, we old people still talk of it as the 'Pilot Field.' When Charles Dickens stayed in Dover this field was his favourite haunt. He would lie on his back basking in the sun, and think out the details of his last story, and in *David Copperfield* he describes 'Betsey Trotwood's Cottage' as being in this Pilots' Field, or thereabouts." Can you tell me how this is to be reconciled with the cottage at Broadstairs, also said to be the home of Betsey Trotwood, now called "Dickens House," and where a tablet was recently fixed announcing the fact, and the occasion of the visit of the Dickens Fellowship to that town, at which I was one of the party present? I might add that recently a tablet has been fixed to the shop of Messrs. Igglesden & Graves in the Market Square, Dover, which states it was there that David Copperfield rested in the search of his aunt, which is not far from the spot in question, and where I myself saw only a short time ago donkeys grazing; moreover, it is believed locally that this work is largely associated with the town of Dover. Perhaps you can help to elucidate the matter; if so, I shall be glad.

Faithfully yours,

A. S. HEARN.

"Dubræ," Bovenev Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.

Aug. 5th, 1908.

[See article in present number entitled "Dickens and Dover."—EDITOR.]

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

Recollections of a Journalist. By David Christie Murray. (Containing reminiscences of Dickens.) London: John Long. 10s. 6d. net.

Catalogue of the Dickens Exhibition at New Dudley Gallery. With Introductions by J. W. T. Ley and Percy Fitzgerald, and Illustrations. 1s. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Un Peu de Pickwick à la Française." By Sir Francis C. Burnand. *Ninete nth Century*, August.

"Boz and Boulogne." By Deshler Welch. *Harper's Magazine*, August.

"Dickens's Paris." *T.P.'s Weekly*, July 17th.

"Charles Dickens: Some Memories and Incidents." By Nicholas Dickson. *Glasgow Herald*, July 23rd.

"Dickens Girls." By Ella Hepworth Dixon. *The Sketch*, July 29th.

"Wellerisms." *The Globe* (Turnover), August 3rd.

"Dickens on Half-Baptized." *Notes & Queries*, August 1st.

"A Dickens Holiday." *Belfast Northern Whig*, August 1st.

"Prigs and Their Persecutors." By Thomas Lloyd. *Evening Standard*, July 16th.

"Dickens Exhibition at New Dudley Gallery." *Birmingham Post*, July 29th; *The Times*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Aberdeen Journal*, July 30th; *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 31st; *Westminster Gazette*, August 4th; *Scottish Review* and *Athenæum*, August 8th.

"Bleak House." *The Schoolmistress*, July 17th, 23rd, 30th, August 6th, 13th, 20th.

The Old Boot Inn. 1780.

From the original etching by J. Koenman.